

Strangers

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Strangers by viptenchou

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Bev is 18, Beverly does not know how to do this, F/M, Henry "Hit it and Quit It" Bowers, Henry is 19 and a half, Henry the Heartbreaker, I'm so sorry, No ages are explicitly stated just to keep things simple, Sorry that was insensitive, There is a sex scene but it's not that good so, past relationship, this is badly written

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT)

Relationships: Henry Bowers & Beverly Marsh, Henry Bowers/Beverly Marsh

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Summary:

Henry never uses her name,
Beverly can't forget his.

Strangers

"C'mon Henry, let's *not*." The auburn haired girl protested weakly as the brown haired, brown eyed boy cages her to the wall with his arms. His knee between quivering thighs, her sweaty palms sliding down his exposed chest - almost as if waiting for the will to push him away.

The Bowers boy has always been bad at listening, jokingly Beverly liked to say that he had selective hearing.

This situation is absolutely no different.

"One more time." He pinches her chin, angling her overly-abused lips up to his height. "Please."

Without thinking she leans her weight onto her toes and closes her eyes. He leads the tango with her permission. Stupidly, all she can think about is the *first time*. Perpetually comparing and contrasting, *wondering where she went wrong. Where they went wrong. Why they didn't work out.*

Her nimble fingers cradle his head ever so gently and his fingerprints mark themselves into her porcelain skin. *The bruises that will blossom later on will serve as a reminder to her that Bowers is **bad**. That he doesn't want her, appreciate her, never fucking loved her. Probably never will.* All things considered these thoughts are muddled when a hot heat shoots down within her.

He has grown out of the habit of asking how she wants it anymore. Instead he makes sure she faces the wall. Sometimes he doesn't even prepare her and takes her raw. Today he does. The cold tile of the wall raises goosebumps on her skin as he pulls her waist towards him, signalling her to arch her back. *So she does, like the marionette doll she's become for him.* In a few seconds he dips his calloused fingers into her core. Her body has betrayed her once more. Her own natural lubrication is already there for him to use at his convenience as his fingers circle, scissor, and prod inside her. Sometimes Beverly is quiet, other times she is vocal in hopes that at least he'd realize that if they were to go back to (their happier times) dating, he'd

realize that she's a *decent* shag. But she is sure that he knows that what with his fingers inside her and all. Choking back a laugh, she coughs instead and Henry withdraws his fingers slowly. Just like she use to like, something he never seemed to forget. The sound of his zipper makes Beverly weak in the knees and the familiar sound of a chuckle does not help.

"I'll go slow." Henry whispers and Beverly shakes her head furiously.

"I want it fast." *The faster the better. The faster she can leave and forget this happened. Forget that she still loves him, wants him. And he doesn't.*

No more words are exchanged as Henry enters her, empties himself inside her, and leaves her. *Again.*

Her desperate whines, moans, whimpers, and pleas of "*more*" and "*faster*" were met with the same *sickeningly sweet* pet names that use to be reserved for her. Now he uses them on anyone available. *How convenient that she was.*

Slowly but surely, tears start to fall down and she slides down the wall. The droplets land on her knees as quickly as her pride was thrown away as soon as Henry touched her again- *made her feel worthy yet dirty and disgusting at the same time.*